At that, would make me glad?
King. Yea Miſtris, are you ſo peremptorie?
I am glad o'nt with all my heart,
Ile tame you; Ile bring you in ſubiection. *Aſide.*
Will you not, hauing my conſent.
Beſtow your loue and your affections,
Vpon a Stranger? who for ought I know,
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary) *Aſide.*
As great in blood as I my ſelfe:
Therefore, heare you Miſtreſſe, either frame
Your will to mine: and you ſir, heare you;
Either be rul'd by me, or Ile make you,
Man and wife: nay, come your hands,
And lips muſt ſeale it too: and being ioyn'd,
Ile thus your hopes deſtroy, and for further griefe:
God giue you ioy; what are you both pleaſed?
That. Yes, if you loue me ſir?
Per. Euen as my life my blood that foſters it.
King. What are you both agreed?
Amb. Yes, if't pleaſe your Maieſtie.
King. It pleaſeth me ſo well, that I will ſee you wed,
And then with what haſte you can, get you to bed. *Exeunt*

Enter Gower.

Now ſleepe yſlaked hath the rout,
No din but ſnores about the houſe,
Made lowder by the ore-fed breaſt,
Of this moſt pompous marriage Feaſt:
The Catte with eyne of burning cole,
Now coutches from the Mouſes hole;
And Cricket ſing at the Ouens mouth,
Are the blyther for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the loſſe of mayden-head,
A Babe is moulded: be attent,

And

And time that is ſo briefly ſpent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in ſhew, I'le plaine with ſpeach.

Enter Pericles *and* Simonides *at one doore, with attendants, a meſſenger meetes them, kneeles and giues* Pericles *a letter,* Pericles *ſhewes it* Symonides, *the Lordes kneele to him; then enter* Thayſa *with childe, with* Lichorida, *a nurſe, the King ſhewes her the letter, ſhe reioyces: ſhe and* Pericles *take leaue of her father, and depart.*

By many a dearne and painfull pearch
Of *Piricles*, the carefull ſearch,
By the foure oppoſing Crignes,
Which the world togither ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horſe and ſaile, and hie expence,
Can ſteed the queſt at laſt from *Tyre*,
Fame anſwering the moſt ſtrange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are Letters brought, the tenour theſe:
Antiochus and his daughter dead,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Hellicanus* would ſet on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:
The mutanie, he there hateſt t'oppreſſe,
Sayes to'em, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twice ſixe Moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the ſumme of this
Brought hither to *Penlapolis*,
Irany ſhed the regions round,
And euery one with claps can ſound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreampt? who thought of ſuch a thing?
Briefe, he muſt hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with child, makes her deſire,

Which